

HENRY GEORGE FLATLY REFUSES TO DISCUSS THE ALLEGED DEAL WITH SETH LOW.



Description of the "Advance Agent of a Tidal Wave" as He Is To-day--Labor's Reputed Champion, It Would Appear, Has Become the Associate of the Cleveland-Morgan Cabal and All That That Relation Implies--Exclusive in His Luxurious Quarters--Old Vigor Is Gone.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

HERE is the sad tale of one day's adventures with naught left out; with nothing set in malice. This morning my eyes were blasted with a large, black, explicit headline on the first page of the World, setting forth, as I recall it.

"Henry George Is the Advance Agent for Seth Low."

As an old and patient admirer of Henry George, for that he had ever been a very honest, harmless sort of man, indeed, I was much shocked at this statement. I knew that George had been keeping evil company of late, but I was not informed, and could not readily believe that he had become a mere lackey to the Low lion in this campaign. For years I had borne witness that George was one of those dream-driven creatures spoken of by Job in the Holy Book, who go about uttering vain knowledge and filling their bellies with the East wind; but I clung through all to the theory of his perfect honesty. I would not concede that the flesh pots of the Egypt of politics would breed any longing in George.

I did not think that he could be brought to sell himself for any mess of Mayoralty pottage. And I was sure—as much as I may be sure of any mess of Mayoralty pottage. And I was sure—as much as I may be sure of any mess of Mayoralty pottage.



Street; for the bond swindlers of the Pierpont Morgan-Cleveland day; for the Morgan-Schiff ring, just now greedily scheming the pillage of the Union Pacific; for the Stock Exchange—in fact, for all the rings, swindlers, blood-suckers, leeches, private and public, whom Mr. George has been denouncing and fighting all these useful years. Seth Low stands for Cleveland; is upheld by Pierpont Morgan, Henry W. Cannon, Charles Fairchild, Schiff, Gilder, Joe Choate, Dan Lamont, the entire Cleveland cabal. Surely, I said to myself, George, thumbing as he is, and controlled and hypnotized by that prince of smug monopolists, Tom Johnson, is still too much master of himself, too much in the care of his own self-respect to be found in bed with Low at any such pinch as this. I had, of course, read in divers of the papers, where George was quoted as saying that in event of his own defeat as against all others in the field he desired the election of Low. But I had never failed to distrust and discount these publications, and held them to be garbled and as having the inspiration of smart Lowites, who, falling of any original reputation for honesty on the part of either their candidates or themselves, were seeking to do business on the repute for probity if not for wisdom that Henry George everywhere enjoyed.

No Poverty at Headquarters.

This may all seem wearisome and prolix, but I am moved to its recital as being in combination productive of my desire to see George at once when this morning I found him blazoned as the advance agent of Seth Low. Think, I, when George sees that he will tear Low to tatters; he won't leave enough of that ambitious son of the Academies to flag a hand-car, and I will be with him to aid him in his spirit and mood of Low destruction.

With all these in my heart, and a feeling of peace besides, I wended to the Union Square Hotel, the main theatre of Georgian effort during the daylight hours. When I found myself in the George headquarters, I was surprised at their sumptuous, not to say elegant, cost. They outshone the Tracy and the Van Wyck headquarters, both in rooms and rich upholstery even as the sun outshines a tallow dip.

As I stood in the centre of the George rooms and gazed about, as the novelists say, on "the scene of luxury and vice," I was in good truth made to wonder. I'll withdraw the word "vice" as a condition I'm not sure of; albeit, the faces I beheld flitting uneasily about the place might much warrant the idea. I gazed, I say, about the palatial surroundings of George with wonder. George, the mouthpiece of the poor; the foe of the Pharisee and the money-changers; the apostle of the people; the candidate of "Jeffersonian" simplicity, and yet all this plush and purple and rich space! It amazed me; I could not understand it. Of course, if he was, as the World put it, "the advance agent of Seth Low,"—and by this time I had begun to fear that he might be—all this roomy, gilded splendor could be easily understood. The Low campaigners had already announced that they had more money than they knew what to do with. It would be but natural, indeed, if in such a congestion of cash, they had seen to it, that "George, the advance agent of Seth Low," was royally surrounded.

As I stood, dazzled by the opulence about, a gentleman—a sort of George outer-guard he turned out to be—approached. Whom did I wish to see? I spoke of Willis J. Abbot. I would see him, I said. I knew that Abbot was on—and on with Tom Johnson, the main keeper of that crazy-horse animal of politics—the George Boom, and I deemed it wise to open negotiations with Abbot. I was a bit daunted by the costly effects with which George had surrounded himself, and held it the part of prudent wisdom to talk first with Abbot, and get my bearings.

"I would see Abbot," I said. The gentlemanly outer-guard—and he was as polite as ever I'd wish—told me that Abbot was not there. Abbot, it would appear, being a-hungry, had repaired briefly to some neighboring feed-trough of a short-order kind and was regaling himself. Then, recovering courage in part, I asked to see Henry George.

It was then given to me to see somewhat of the workings of the George movement in its own home. I found that George was girt about by majesty. The hob-nailed common folk, welcome enough to meet Van Wyck or Tracy, could not come galumphing in on George. The "advance agent of Seth Low" had properly imbibed some of the Seth Low spirit of exclusiveness. Even my polite friend, the outer-guard, couldn't see George.

Exclusiveness of George.

Still, all went smoothly enough. The red tape and the pomp and the cir-

cumstance of getting to George might mean exclusiveness and might lose time, but it didn't mean defeat. I might yet win to his presence, rouse his ancient spirit with a sight of the headline, "Henry George the Advance Agent for Seth Low," and get him to deny the slander and redeem himself. I might save him yet.

So I waited while my outer-guard carried my name to an inner-guard. This latter gentleman—and he was polite also—came out to ask my business. It seems that you cannot have speech with George until you have unbosomed yourself to his sentinels; shown them your credentials and proved your valid worth.

Once I visited Henry C. Frick, who hired the Pinkertons, and inspired the Homestead killings at the Carnegie works, and I was made to go through this very same rignarole to get to speak with him. I reflected as I waited that it was curious that the only two gentlemen whom I had found thus guarded in all my experience, were Henry Frick, the Pharaoh of the workingman, and Henry George, who proclaims himself their Moses.

The inner guard returned from George; he would see me. By this time I was not so certain that I was to meet that Henry George, honest, simple, thoughtful, with whom for five years I had been pleasantly and respectfully acquainted. I had begun to smell a change. This advance agent business had brought about a difference.

The inner guard opened a door and silently and in an awe-bitten way beckoned me to approach. This was the fifth room, one after the other, into which I had been carried. I entered the apartment, there I found George alone.

It is not exaggeration to say I was shocked. I will not go into elaborate description, but the Henry George I found there was not the Henry George I had met fewer than two months ago. When I saw him last, he was tranquil, quiet, even, steady as to nerves, rational, sedately contented, talking of his books and his tax dreams. To-day I met a man haggard, pinched, with a face as thin and peaked as a pen. His eye roved, his hair was tumbled, his face the theatre of disorder. If he was the picture of anything it was Unfed Ambition made desperate. There was despair, too, in his face, as if in a dim way he looked into a future black with disappointment. I tell you it was a shock to see the man. If you want a wild horse administration, elec thim Mayor, I'll guarantee he's ripe to give it to you.



Politics Make Strange Bedfellows. (Morgan and George.)

"Is this the man?" demanded George in a great voice, of the inner guard, pointing a finger at me.

"He is," meekly replied the inner guard, and then he closed the door much as a keeper closes the cage door on a tiger and his dinner.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded George, and his tones bristled with a mixture of real conceit and imitation ferocity.

I knew that whatever George had become, he at least had not become dangerous, and while I reflected that all this pretended ignorance of a man's identity whom he had known for five years was affectation of the music hall song and dance variety. I set it all to the account of fustian and bombast, and bore it mildly enough. I could see the campaign had turned the man's head. I wonder what the returns on Wednesday will do with it.

"Who are you, sir?" quoth George.

"Lewis," I replied. "Lewis of the Journal."

"What Lewis?" demanded George, still in the same misfit tones he began with.

Questions Are Unanswered.

When I looked at the little man, so eminently no son of Mars; when I witnessed his Alexander the Great pose, I almost laughed. It was so much like an enraged chrysanthemum—George's stilly little wrath. It was the mighty anger of a Tom Thumb or an Admiral Dot.

"Just Lewis," I replied in a helpless, apologetic fashion.

"Are you the Lewis who has been writing about me?" asked George, still on the high horse.

"The same Lewis," I answered, plucking up a bit of spirit. "Are you the person I've been writing about?" I asked.

CALLS PLATT A TRAITOR.

Charles Stewart Smith Declares That He Is Selling Out to Tammany.

Charles Stewart Smith, a member of the Citizens' Union Campaign Committee, in a pronouncement issued from headquarters yesterday, renewed the charge that Senator Platt and Richard Croker had arranged a deal whereby the Republican machine vote was to be thrown for Van Wyck in exchange for votes for Republican candidates for the Legislature.

"I am informed," said Mr. Smith, "that the Republican machine managers have arrived at the conclusion that the only possible way to defeat Seth Low is to throw such votes as they can influence and control to Van Wyck. The understanding is that Tammany is to be given possession of the city government, while Platt is to control the Legislature. The goods cannot be delivered. I do not believe that General Tracy is cognizant of this agreement, nor do I think he would be a party to it if he knew that such a deal were in existence. The little coterie of promoters of the deal have not dared to expose it to him."

Senator Platt and other Republican leaders, when told of Mr. Smith's statement, simply said: "Fudge."

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"Yes, sir," retorted the irate little "advance agent to Seth Low." My name is Henry George."

"The information is as valuable as it is necessary," I said. "I would never have known it from the way you look or act. But to business. I was sent here by the Journal to ask you a handful of questions."

"You are persona non grata, sir," said George haughtily.

"I don't care anything about that," I replied, determined not to be discouraged by this lunge into the Latin on George's part. "I didn't come here on any theory that I was going to be loved. My mission is business, not personal. I represent the Journal for the purposes the Journal aims at. The paper wants me to ask you some questions."

"What are your questions?" said George. "I will talk with the Journal, though I will not talk with you."

"I am much flattered," I said. "The question, first, is this: You know that Low is supported in his campaign for Mayor by Wall Street, by the Stock Exchange, by Pierpont Morgan and the old Cleveland bond ring, by Morgan, Schiff et al., the present gang who are trying to steal the Union Pacific road; by the plutocrats and the 'money power' and all those baleful agencies you have so often and so long denounced; you know that Low is not only supported by these, but that he is one and representative of them. And yet the papers freely quote you as saying that if you cannot be elected you want Low elected, and as late as this morning one of them describes you as the advance agent of Low. This is preposterous. What the Journal wants to first ask you is, Are you the advance agent of Low? Are you correctly quoted when the papers print you as saying that if you can't be elected you want Low elected?"

George's face changed during the stating of the question. I had made it long and full, because I foresaw from what had passed that I wasn't going to get but one shot at the target. As I framed the question, the wrath-fused faded from George's visage. A look which was meant for cunning, but succeeded only in being furtive in a foolish way, took its place. George paused a moment, and then, with voice still at concert pitch, he cackled:

"I want answer your question, sir. I want talk to you."

"It is not my question," I said. "Believe me, I wouldn't talk to you a moment in any personal sense. It is the Journal's question, as I've explained."

"Well, I want talk to the Journal, then," continued George. "I want talk to you or the Journal."

And there the matter ended. I came away. My only feeling at the close was one of sorrow for a man who was a quiet, reputable little member of society until he became the property of Tom Johnson and the advance agent of Seth Low, and had his head added by political ambitions as foolish as they will prove futile. How have the mighty fallen!

TIGER AND TIOGA.

Choate Says There Is No Difference Between Them, both Being Machines.

Joseph H. Choate was the star attraction that filled the Criterion Theatre, in Brooklyn, last night under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican Association of Kings County. Robert Van Iderside presided, and a band of music warmed up the place. The stage blossomed with the feminine youth and beauty of Brooklyn's Bedford district.

Sylvester L. Woodhouse said: "Political machines are built on ignorance and sin; they stuff ballot boxes and corrupt the Government. Plunder, power and patronage are not evidences of leadership. (Applause.) Wake up the people, and you break the machine. (Great applause.)"

Among other things Mr. Choate said was this: "A machine is a machine—both are alike, and there is little difference between Tiger and Tioga. Our object is the utter destruction of both. (Great applause.)"

Dinner to Dr. Nansen.

Captain Daniel L. Brainerd, U. S. A., entertained a small party of friends at dinner in the Savoy last night. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, was the guest of honor. After dinner Dr. Nansen and the other members of the party rode about town in electric carriages. Dr. Nansen will be entertained in Philadelphia by the American Philological Society to-morrow.

AN OPEN LETTER

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

THE GAME OF "REFORM"

Father Knickerbocker Loses at It Ten Million Dollars in Cash and Twenty Millions in Expectations.

What were the pretences under which a "reform" administration was elected to govern the City of New York in 1894?

The platform of the Committee of Seventy said: "The government of the City of New York, in the hands of its present administrators, is marked by corruption, inefficiency and extravagance."

The special committee of the Chamber of Commerce reported that the figures of the tax levy "on their very face indicate mismanagement, extravagance and corruption on a scale almost unparalleled in the history of municipalities."

The "Press," the newspaper that set up to be the Republican organ during the municipal campaign of 1894, said "that under a faithful administration the burden of taxes on the people of New York might be reduced \$10,000,000 a year."

The total amount appropriated for the expenses of the City Government in 1894, the last year of Democratic administration, was \$35,064,257.82.

The total amount appropriated for 1897, under the Republican "reform" administration, was 45,688,297.17.

Increased cost under "reform" 10,622,039.48.

If the figures of 1894 indicate extravagance and corruption, what must be the meaning of the figures of 1897?

What has become of the \$10,000,000 which was to be saved on the appropriation of 1894?

What has become of the ten millions and a half that have been added to the appropriations of 1894?

The "Reformers" have stopped talking about what they termed the extravagance of Democratic administrations. They are busy trying to explain away their own extravagance.

In doing this, they ignore altogether their promise to make a ten-million saving on Democratic expenditures, and they start with the assumption that these were in the line of the strictest economy.

If they were not, the "Reformers" would have to explain not only the ten millions and a half they have added to the tax levy, but would have to account for the ten millions they undertook to save on the cost of the previous administration.

Confining their attention entirely to the \$10,622,039, which this year's budget shows in excess of that of 1894, they are devoting all their ingenuity to prove that it went somewhere else than into the cost of governing the city.

Part of it went into State taxes, they say. That is true—\$1,339,844 went that way.

But how did the State tax for 1897 come to be so high?

The Republicans controlled every branch of the State Government and Legislature, and they made it so.

If the "Reformers" say they could not help that, how about the \$900,000 that was appropriated in 1894 for the care of the insane by the City Government? The insane have since been cared for by the State.

The "Reform" administration reckoned \$900,000 of the State tax excess of \$1,339,844. It got the use of that \$900,000.

Let them and the Republicans of Albany settle about the odd \$439,000; but let it be understood that this is all they can deduct from their budget on the score of higher State taxes. In truth, their apparent excess of expenditures in 1897 over the Tammany expenditure of 1894 should be stated as \$11,522,039 instead of \$10,622,039.

But the "Reformers" plead again: "Look at the amount paid for interest on the city debt."

Let us look! It was \$5,134,196 in 1894, and is \$5,654,258 in 1897.

Who incurred the debt that calls for this extra expenditure of \$520,000?

The "Reformers" themselves. They found the debt at \$105,000,000, and they have brought it up to \$125,000,000.

The third plea is that the "Reformers" have to pay more for the debt redemption this year than the Democratic Administration did in 1894.

So they have, to the amount of \$2,285,669.

But why did the Democratic Administration draw less from the taxpayers for the redemption of the debt?

Because they took better care of the city's revenues, the excess of which over and above the purposes for which they are pledged is available for the redemption of the debt, otherwise payable out of taxation.

But where does all this leave the alleged extravagance and corruption of Democratic Administration?

The boot seems to be on the other leg now.

There is \$11,522,039 to be accounted for over and above that \$10,000,000 the "Reformers" said they would save, but didn't.

The State took \$439,000 more from the city in 1897 than it did in 1894, but where has the other \$11,083,039 gone?

Even allowing for the two millions odd spent in debt redemption, there is still some nine millions missing, not to mention that ten millions which was to have been saved by putting an end to Democratic "extravagance."

If it be argued that a yearly expenditure of thirty-five millions showed "corruption on its face," how much more corruption must there be in an annual expenditure of forty-five millions?

The tax rate was 1.79 per cent. in 1894; it is 2.11 per cent. in 1897.

The net funded debt of the city was \$105,777,855.62 on Dec. 31, 1894; it had risen to \$125,004,496.28 on Sept. 30, 1897.

The population of New York was, according to the statistics of the Board of Health, 1,899,253 in 1894; it is 1,990,562 in 1897.

The population of New York has grown at the rate of ten per cent. The tax rate has grown at the rate of nineteen per cent. The city debt has grown at the rate of twenty-two per cent. The amount of the tax levy has grown at the rate of thirty per cent. How much more of this do the people want?

Vote for Robert A. Van Wyck for Mayor of Greater New York.